



DUGGAN • TO • HERRING

GUARDIANS of the GALAXY

I COULD
GET USED
TO THIS!





BLACK SHEEP, SCOUNDRELS, WEIRDOS: PETER QUILL--A.K.A. STAR-LORD--DRAX THE DESTROYER, GAMORA, SCOTT LANG--A.K.A. ANT-MAN--ROCKET RACCOON, AND GROOT LEARNED TO LOOK AFTER THEIR OWN INTERESTS, THEN DISCOVERED THEY COULD NOT STAND BY WHEN THE UNIVERSE WAS IN PERIL. THEY HAVE NO OFFICIAL JURISDICTION, BUT IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE (OR YOU'VE GOT A LINE ON A SCORE) IN THE MILKY WAY, YOU CAN CALL THE...

GUARDIANS of the GALAXY

ISSUE 149



"Folsom Prison Blues"

UNDERCOVER WITH THE NOVAS, THE GUARDIANS ARE CHECKING OUT LIFE ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW. THEY'RE ROOTING OUT CORRUPTION IN THE CORPS--BUT WHAT THEY'VE FOUND IS FAR MORE THAN MERE MISBEHAVIOR.

SPIES, WORKING ON BEHALF OF THE FRATERNITY OF RAPTORS, HAVE BEEN SABOTAGING THE NOVAS AND ARE PREPARING TO ATTACK THEIR HEADQUARTERS. AND AS IF THAT'S NOT ENOUGH, HUGE TREE-MONSTERS ARE RAMPAGING THROUGH THE GALAXY. THEY SAY THERE'S NO REST FOR THE WICKED... AND THE GUARDIANS ARE CERTAINLY PROVING IT!

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"WHY ARE WE
DITCHING
THE MISSION
RIGHT NOW?"

WHAT'S SO
IMPORTANT
OUT HERE?

I AM
GROOT!

ANT-MAN,
MEET AN OLD
FRIEND.

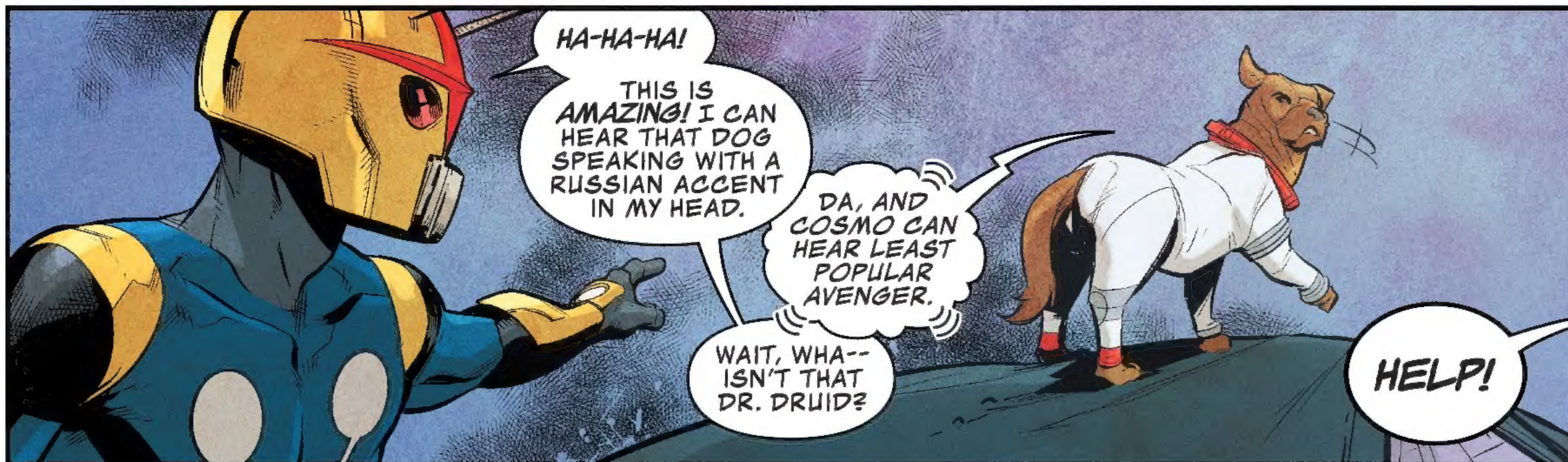
HELLO,
COSMO. WHY
HAVE YOU ASKED
US HERE?

**A DISTANT
PLANET
UNDER SIEGE.**

COSMO
GLAD TO SEE
GUARDIANS.

COME
AND SEE.







AAAARGGH!

LANDSCAPERS
ASSEMBLE!

WHOA!

EW.
EXPLODING
SOMETHING
FROM THE INSIDE
IS ACTUALLY WAY
GROSSER THAN
I IMAGINED.

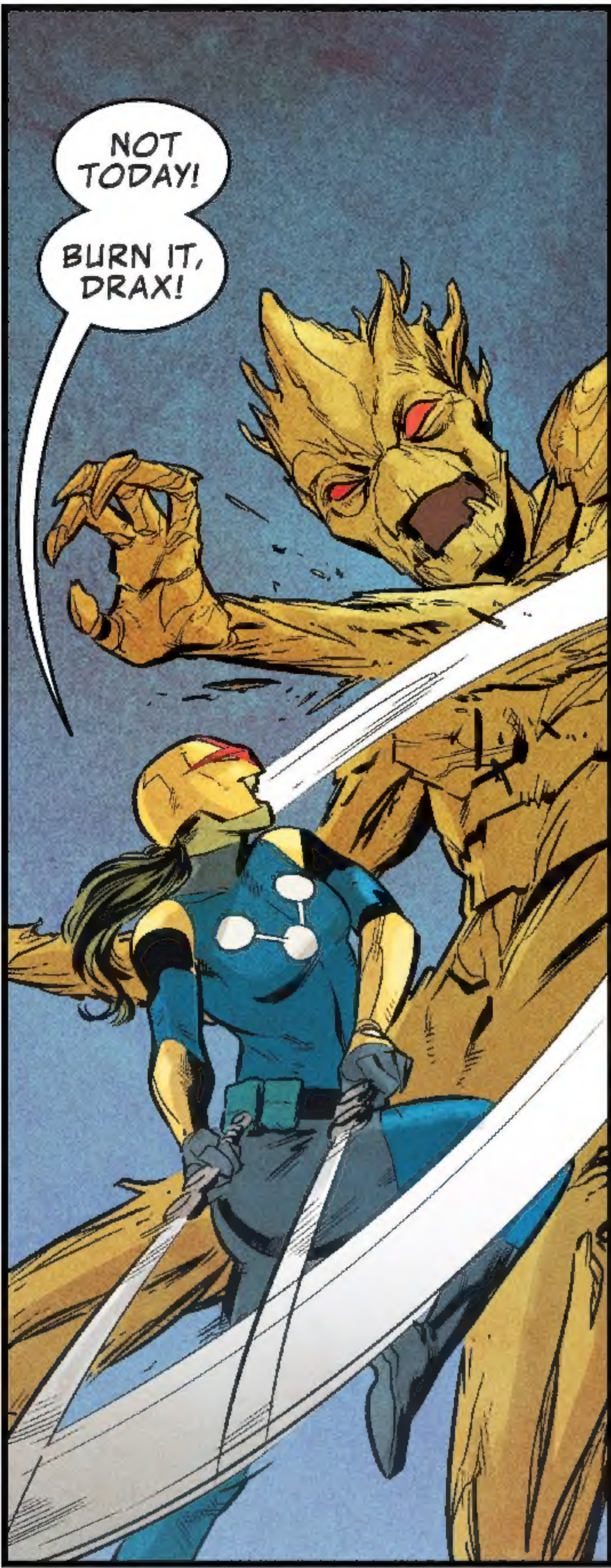
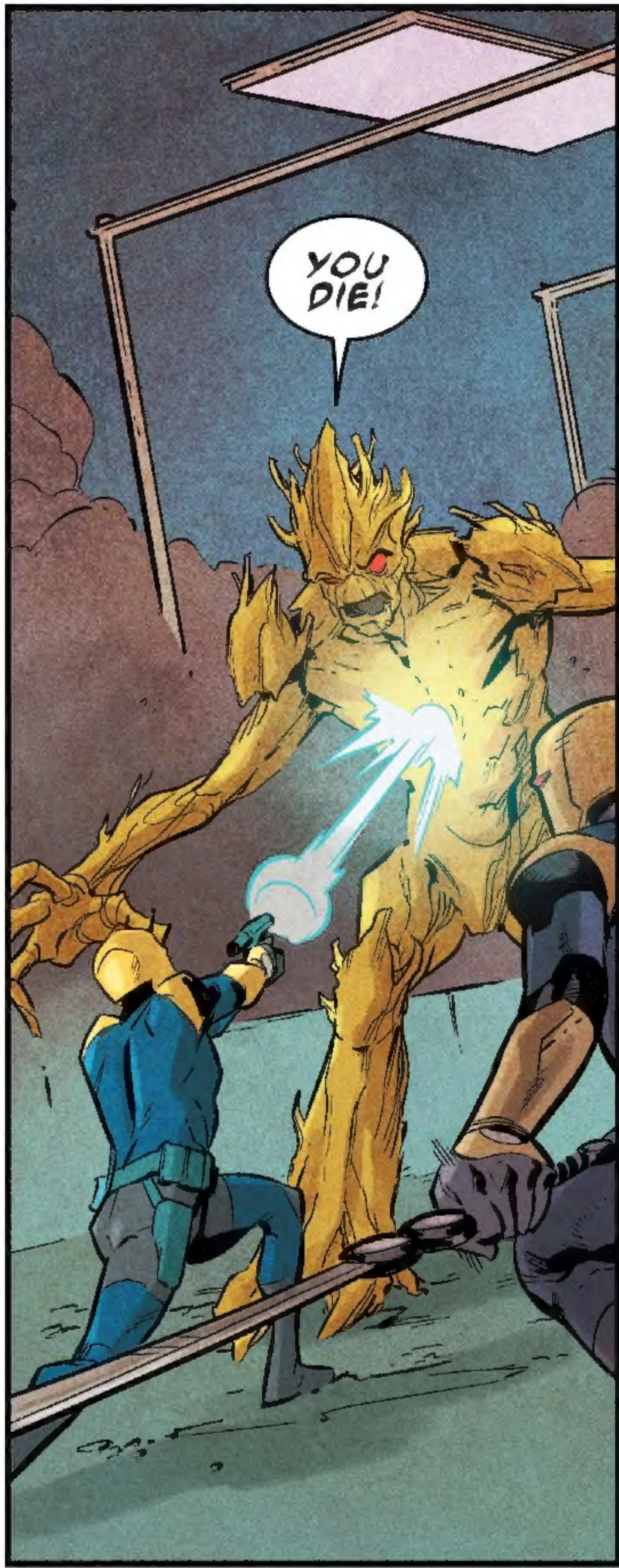


I'M SORRY, TREE,
BUT I WAS NOT
THE ONE THAT
KILLED YOU.



AAAAA!!!!!!



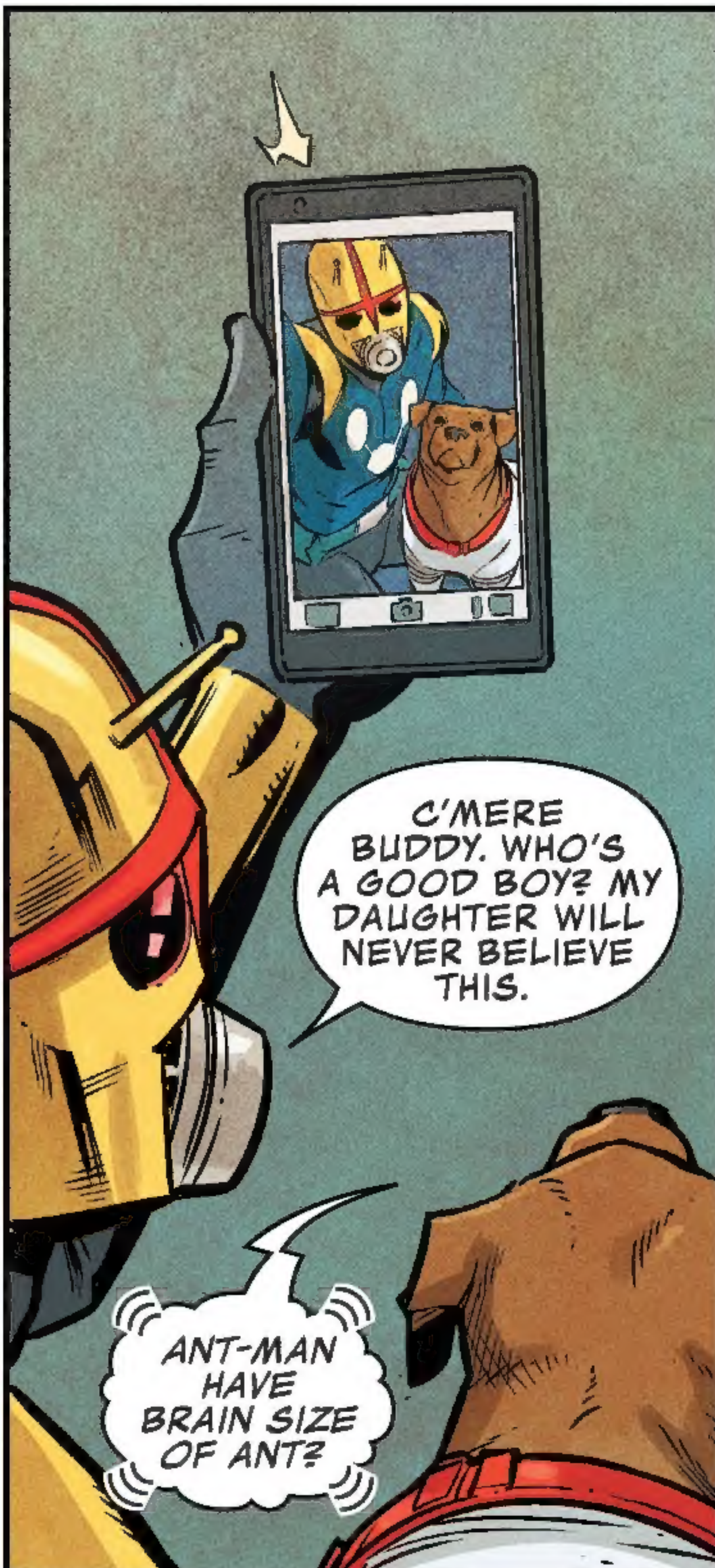




I AM GROOT!

BOTH THINGS CAN BE TRUE. YOU ARE NOT OF SOUND MIND, AND GROOT IS FINALLY GROWING AGAIN.

AWRIGHT. ANOTHER ONE DOWN FOR THE GOOD GUYS, HUH?



C'MERE BUDDY. WHO'S A GOOD BOY? MY DAUGHTER WILL NEVER BELIEVE THIS.

ANT-MAN HAVE BRAIN SIZE OF ANT?



COSMO HAVE BAD NEWS. GUARDIANS STOPPED FLORA COLOSSI HERE--BUT THEY ARE SPREADING EVERYWHERE. SEVERAL PLANETS IN THIS SYSTEM REPORTING ANGRY TREES DROPPING FROM SPACE.



HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?

COSMO CAN FEEL AN INTELLIGENCE IN THE TREES. A DISCIPLINE OF STONE DRIVES THEM.



MORE OF THEM THREATENING A VILLAGE THIS WAY!

LET US WIN THIS WAR WITH HASTE AND RETURN TO NOVA HEADQUARTERS. BY NOW, ROCKET'S PLAN WILL BE REACHING FRUITION.

QUILL SHOULD HAVE DONE MORE TO RECOVER THOSE NEGA-BANDS...

"...WE COULD
USE THEM
NOW MORE
THAN EVER."

NEGA-BAND
TEST 117 IS A
FAILURE. AN ATTEMPT
TO OPEN A PORTAL
INTO THE NULL SPACE
MAY NOT BE
POSSIBLE.



MOVE THE
FLEET TO WITHIN
STRIKING DISTANCE,
BUT REMAIN OUT
OF THEIR SENSOR
RANGE.

I WILL
PREPARE FOR
BATTLE.





THE ROCK.
HQ OF THE NOVA CORPS.





ORDINARILY
I'D LOVE TO SIT
AROUND AND WATCH
YOU GUYS BEAT
YOURSELVES HALF TO
DEATH, BUT I HAVE A
CEREMONY IN THIS ROOM
IN A FEW MINUTES--I'M
BEIN' **PROMOTED**
AGAIN.

CONSIDER
THESE HOSTILITIES
OVER.



THAT'S
FOR FIGHTIN'
DIRTY.

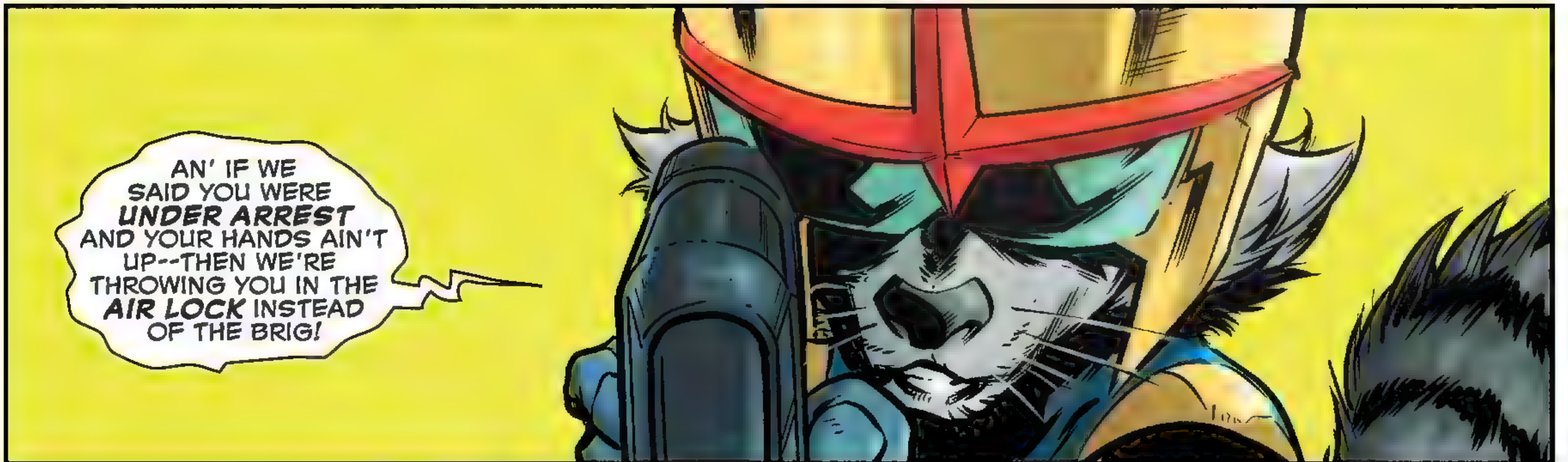
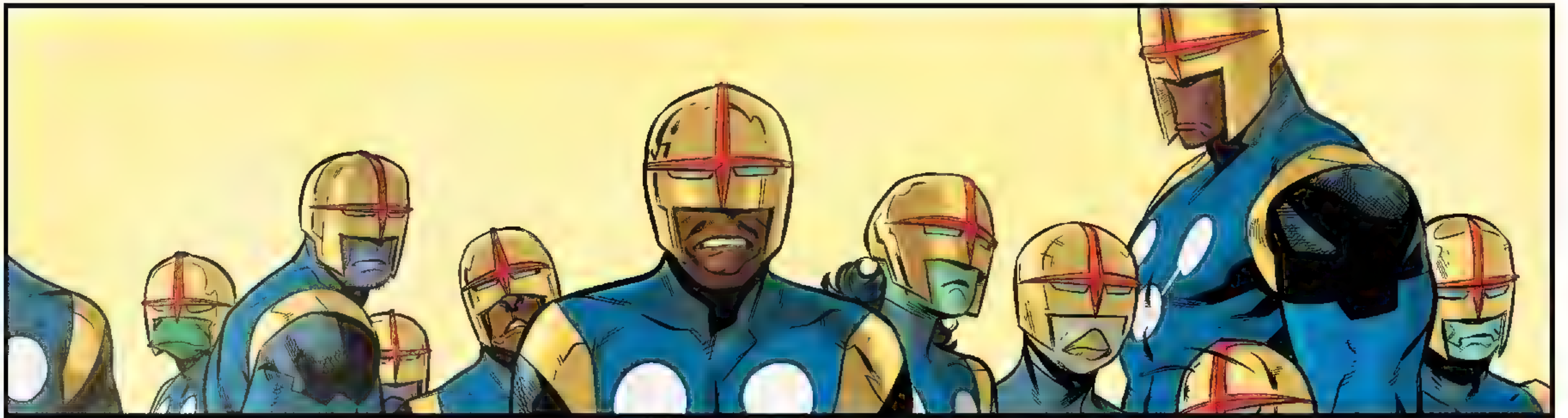
WUMP



I SAID,
"HOSTILITIES
OVER,"
QUILL!



NOW.
THOSE OF YOU
THAT I SAID WAS
UNDER ARREST--
THROW YOUR DIRTY
PAWS IN THE
AIR.





YOU ALL WERE ON THE TAKE WITH KNOWN CRIMINALS, AND DON'T THINK I DIDN'T NOTICE WHAT A MOCKERY YOU MADE OF THE CORPS' EVIDENCE LOCKUP AND IMPOUND LOT.

YOU TREATED THE CORPS LIKE YOUR OWN PERSONAL STASH, AND HERE WE ARE.

YOU'LL ALL BE SHIPPED HOME IN THE COMING DAYS.

FACILITIES ARE IN THE BACK.

THE MACHINE THAT TURNS URINE INTO DRINKING WATER HASN'T EVEN BEEN TESTED YET!



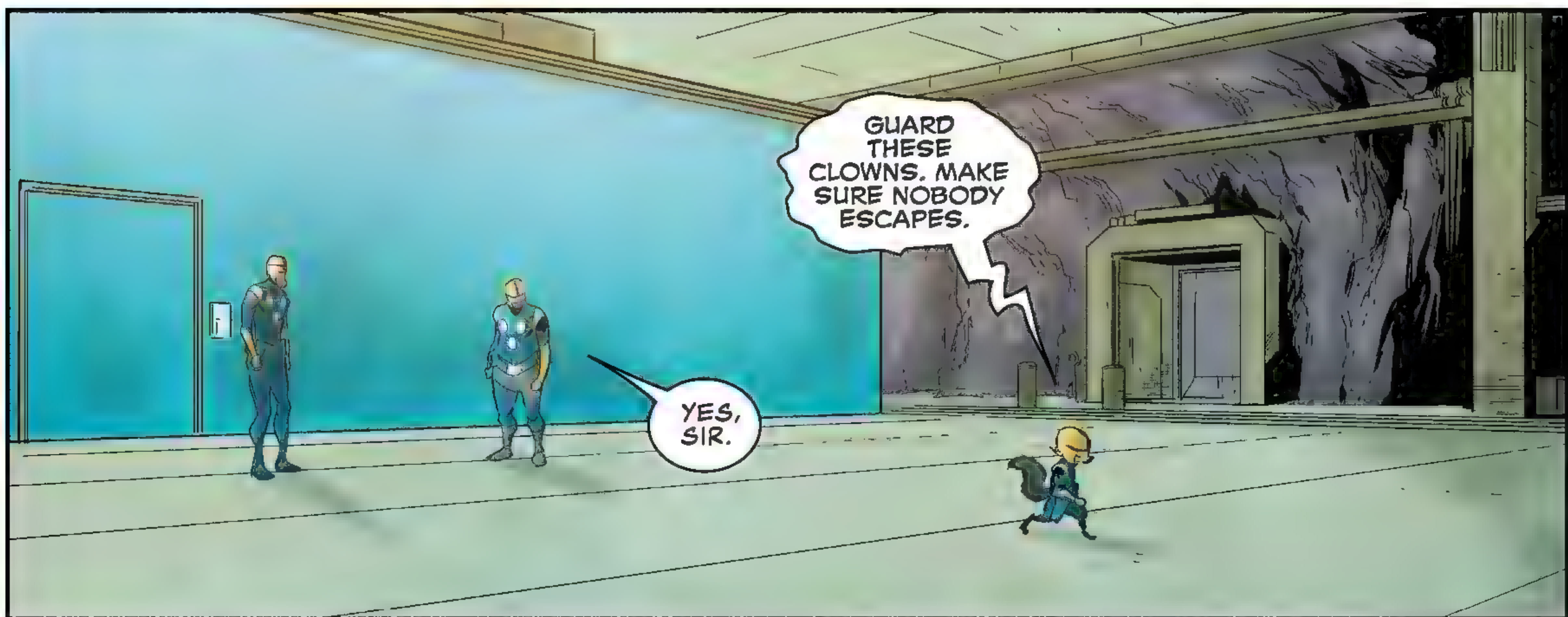
WELL, THANKS FOR TESTING IT, TASVER.

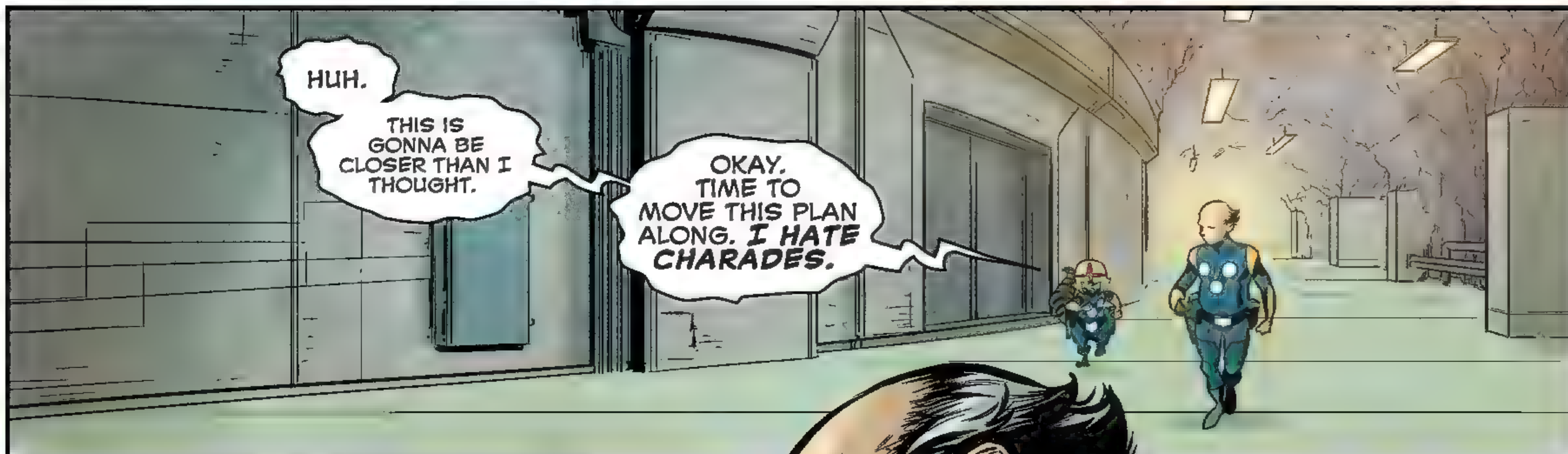
YOU IMBECILES ARE GONNA REGRET THIS.



THE CORPS WAS COUNTING ON YOU.

YOU USED THE NOVA NAME FOR PERSONAL GAIN.





HUH.

THIS IS
GONNA BE
CLOSER THAN I
THOUGHT.

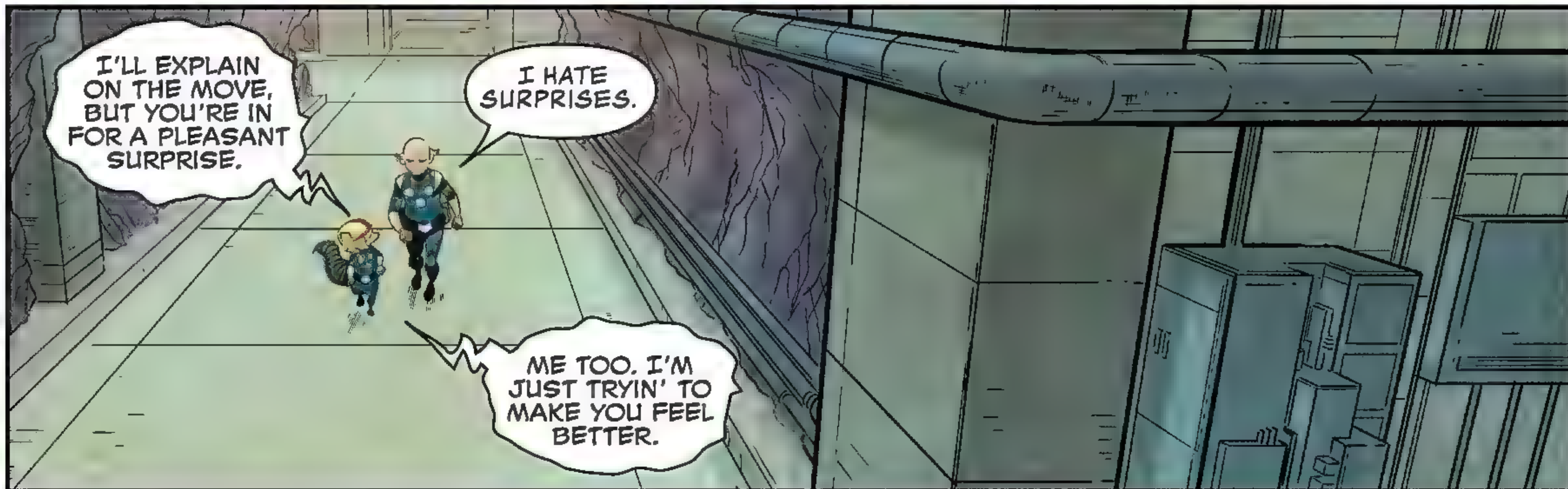
OKAY.
TIME TO
MOVE THIS PLAN
ALONG. **I HATE
CHARADES.**



WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
"CHARADES"? WHAT
DO YOU MEAN,
"PLAN"?

WE JUST
LOCKED
EVERYONE UP,
THE CORPS IS
FINE, RIGHT?

EH, NOT
EXACTLY.



I'LL EXPLAIN
ON THE MOVE,
BUT YOU'RE IN
FOR A PLEASANT
SURPRISE.

I HATE
SURPRISES.

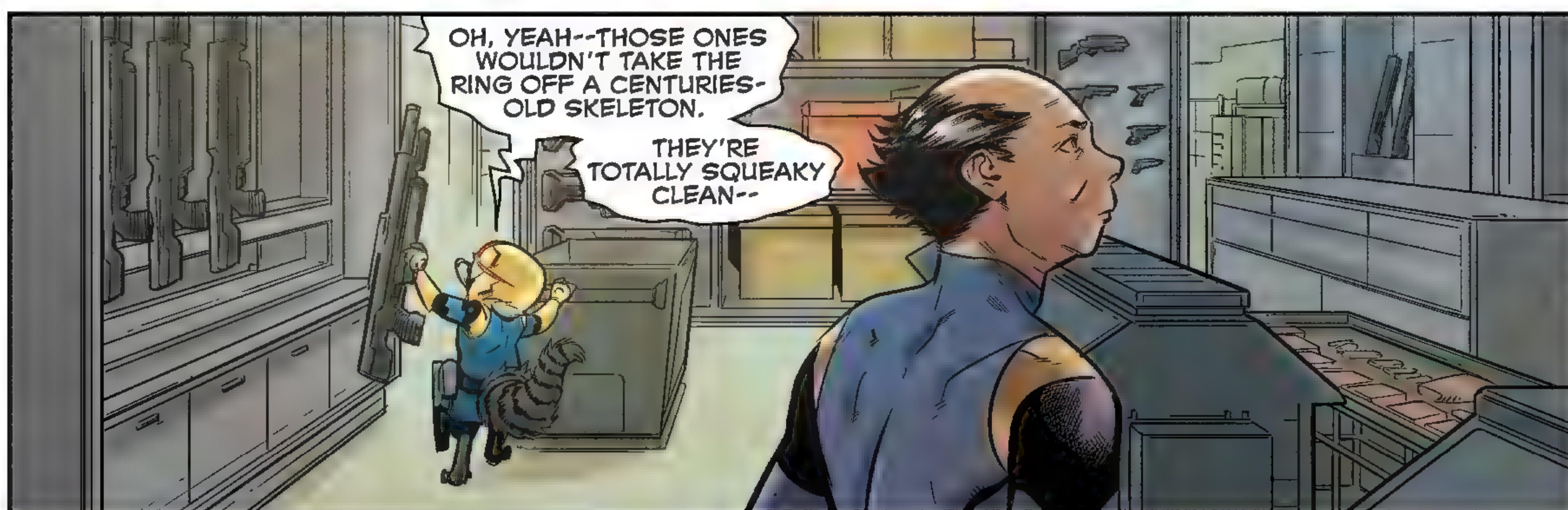
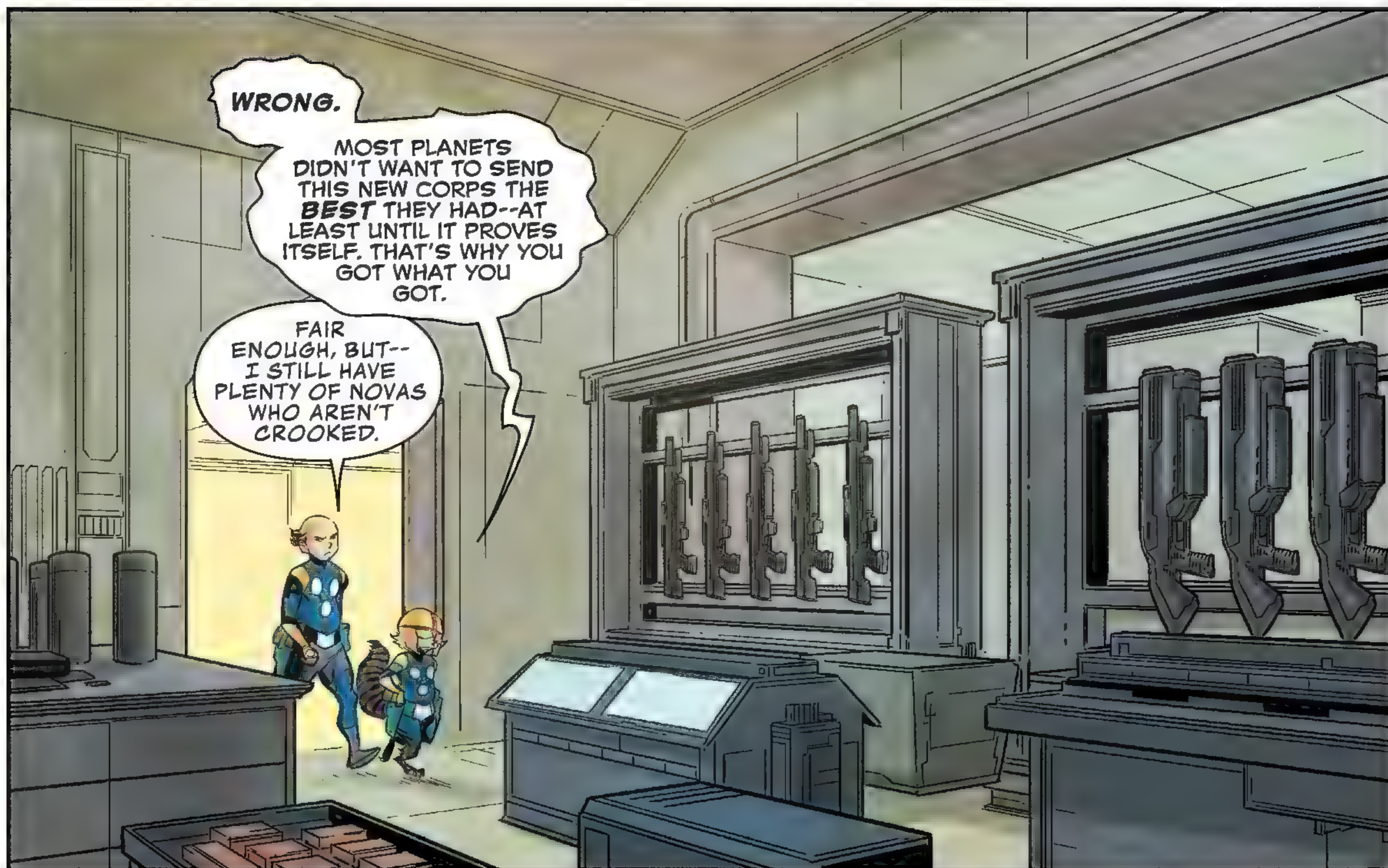
ME TOO. I'M
JUST TRYIN' TO
MAKE YOU FEEL
BETTER.



WHAT'S GOING
ON, ROCKET? I
DON'T HAVE THE
ENERGY FOR
SPY STUFF.

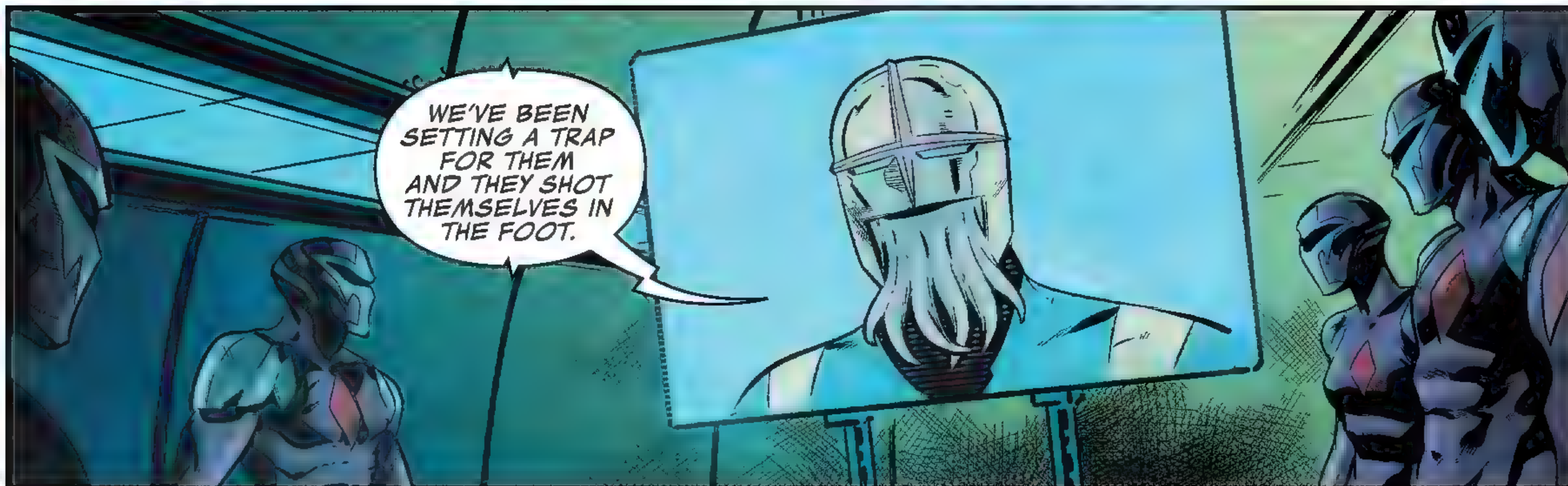
Y'SEE,
THERE'S NO EASIER
GIG FOR A THIEF THAN
TO FIND OTHER THIEVES--
I FOUND THEM
EVERYWHERE IN YOUR
NEW CORPS.

RIIIIGHT.
AND NOW THEY'RE
LOCKED UP IN THE
BRIG. PROBLEM
SOLVED, RIGHT?









WE'VE BEEN
SETTING A TRAP
FOR THEM
AND THEY SHOT
THEMSELVES IN
THE FOOT.

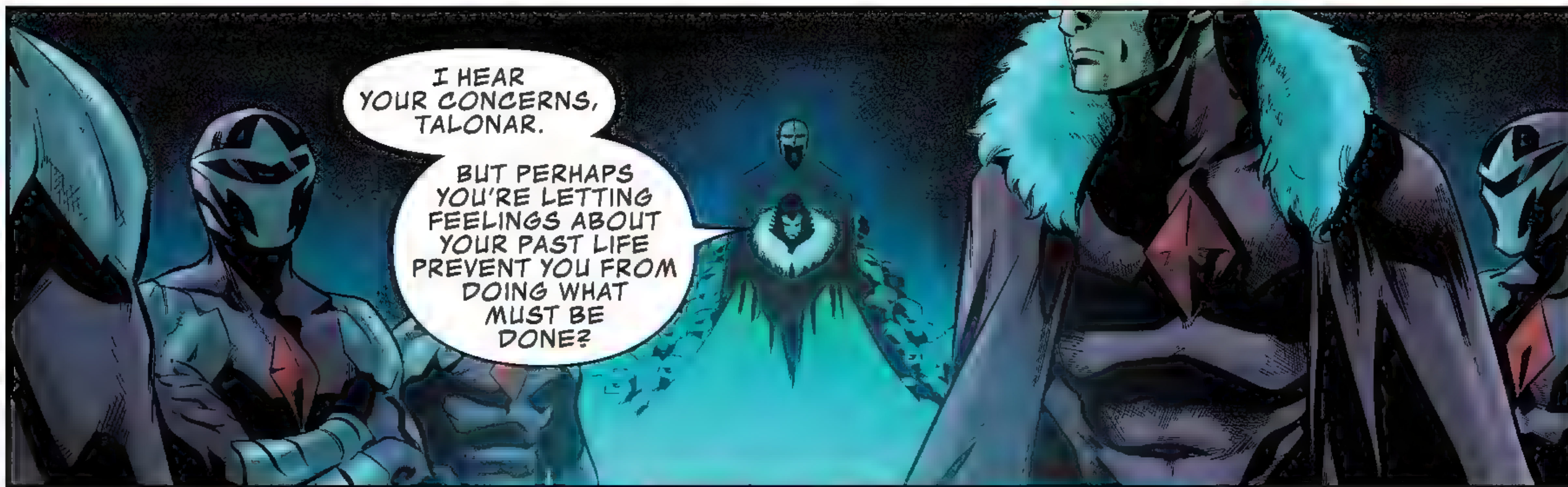


OR--PERHAPS
WE ARE ONLY
MEANT TO THINK
THEY HAVE?



ALL I CAN
TELL YOU IS THE
CORPS JUST SWEEPED
UP A BUNCH OF
CROOKED NOVAS,
AND NONE OF
US.

GOTTA
GO.



I HEAR
YOUR CONCERNS,
TALONAR.

BUT PERHAPS
YOU'RE LETTING
FEELINGS ABOUT
YOUR PAST LIFE
PREVENT YOU FROM
DOING WHAT
MUST BE
DONE?



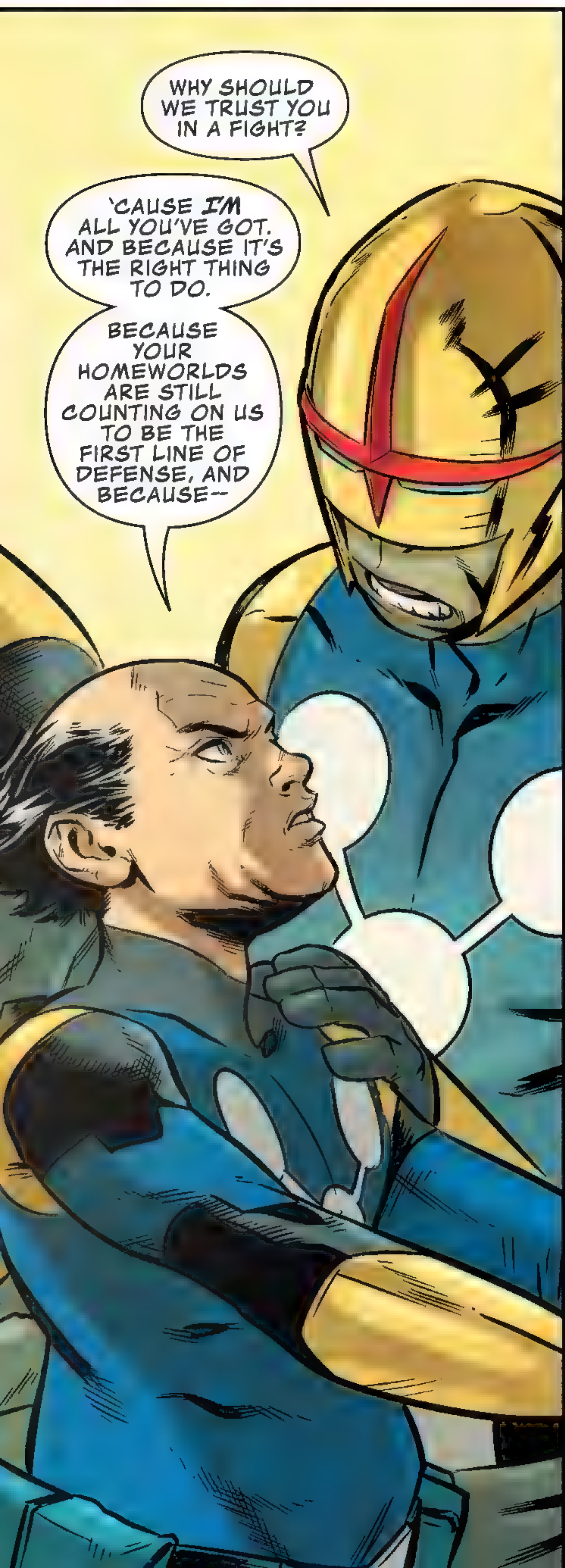
ON THE
CONTRARY. I'M
TRYING TO CHECK
MY RAGE AT THE
CORPS.

LET'S
GO TO
WAR.



CORPSMAN
TASVER, I OWE
YOU AN
APOLOGY.

DAMN
RIGHT, YOU
DO.



WHY SHOULD
WE TRUST YOU
IN A FIGHT?

'CAUSE I'M
ALL YOU'VE GOT.
AND BECAUSE IT'S
THE RIGHT THING
TO DO.

BECAUSE
YOUR
HOMEWORLDS
ARE STILL
COUNTING ON US
TO BE THE
FIRST LINE OF
DEFENSE, AND
BECAUSE--



AND BECAUSE
ONCE WE FLUSH ALL
THE *SPYIN' SCUM* OUT
OF THE CORPS AND THROW
A SPECTACULAR FLARKIN'
BEATING ON THESE RAPTORS--
THEN THERE'LL BE MORE
OPPORTUNITIES FOR SOME
OF THE "EXTRA-LEGAL
ENTREPRENEURISM."



HEH.

I WANNA
FIGHT ALONGSIDE
ADSIT AND SEE WHICH
OF US *DISAPPOINTS*
THE OTHER.



THAT'S THE SPIRIT.

I'LL TELL YOU ALL SOMETHING I'VE LEARNED OVER THE YEARS WITH MY FRIENDS.



YOU CAN SAVE THE GALAXY **AND** TAKE DOWN SCORES.

YOU CAN SAVE MILLIONS OF PEOPLE BY KILLING A FEW BAD ONES.



YOU CAN DO IT ALL--YOU JUST GOTTA TELL YOURSELF, AND BELIEVE IT WHEN YOU SAY IT--



MOTHER, PROTECT US.



"I'M THE
BADDEST
MOTHER @\$&#\$%
IN THE WHOLE
UNIVERSE."

NOW LET'S
GO FLARK UP THE
SABOTEURS--WHILE
THEY'RE FEELING
SAFE...

...THEY
WON'T
KNOW WHAT
HIT 'EM.

THE NOVA
CORPS HAS JUST
PURGED THEIR OWN
RECRUITS. NOW IS
THE TIME FOR US
TO STRIKE.

WE GO TO
WAR. KILL THEM
BEFORE THEY
REALIZE THEY'RE
UNDER ATTACK.

**TO BE CONCLUDED IN
GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY #150!**

Next ISSUE:



ROCKET WRECKS RUDE RAPTORS!



THE GUARDIANS RALLY...



...AND GET TO WORK!



PLUS: WARLOCK RETURNS!

GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY #150



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